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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

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The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in these!
Although where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal let's the curious eye!
They secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shan't the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!"

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY.—
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NEW SONG,
The bird that
came in spring

A FITFUL voice came to and fro,
All wildly on the breeze,
As if it knew not where to go,
So leafless were the trees;
Above the noisy brook it rang—
What joy it seemed to bring!
That happy voice how sweet it sang!
The bird that came in spring.

The primrose pale in slumber lay
Among the silver grass,
The timid sunbeams fled away
To let the rain-cloud pass;
Still gaily on the budding thorn,
The cold dew on his wing,
All sweetly caroll'd to the morn,
The bird that came in spring.

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LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued from page 429).

C. Ph. Emanuel, in the Preface to his father's Psalm tunes for four voices (*vierstimmige Chorälgé stinge*), which he published, says, the world was accustomed to have from him nothing but masterpieces. This praise was indeed considered by some reviewers as exaggerated; but it is really not exaggerated, if it is applied only to those of his works which he composed after the above-mentioned period, that is, in the years of his maturity. In many species of composition, however others have produced master-pieces, which may be placed with honor by the side of his, in the same species. Thus, for instance, we have Allemandes, Courants, &c. by Handel, and a few others, which are not less beautiful, though less rich than those of Bach. But in the fugue, and all the kinds of the counterpoint and canon related to it, he stands quite alone, and so alone, that far and wide around him, all is, as it were, desert and void. Never has a fugue been made by any composer which could be compared with one of his. He who is not acquainted with Bach's fugues, cannot even form an idea of what a true fugue is, and ought to be. In fugues of the ordinary kind, there is nothing but a certain, very insignificant routine. They take a theme, give it to a companion, transpose both gradually into the keys related to the original one, and make the other parts accompany them in all these transpositions with a kind of thorough bass chords. This is a fugue, but of what kind? It is very natural that a person acquainted with only such fugues, can have no great opinion of the whole species. How much art does it then require to make oneself master of such common-place?

Bach's fugue is of quite another kind. It fulfills all the conditions which we are otherwise accustomed to demand, only of more free species of composition. A highly characteristic theme, an uninterrupted principal melody, wholly derived from it, and equally characteristic from the beginning to the end; not mere accompaniment in the other parts, but in each of them an independent melody, according with the others, also from the beginning to the end; freedom, lightness, and fluency in the progress, of the whole, inexhaustible variety of modulation combined with perfect purity; the exclusion of every arbitrary note, not necessarily belonging to the whole; unity and diversity in the style, rhythm and measure; and, lastly, a life diffused through the whole, so that it sometimes appears to the performers or hearer, as if every single note were animated; these are the properties of Bach's fugue—properties which excite admiration and astonishment in every judge, who knows what a mass of intellectual energy is required for the production of such works. Must not then such a work, in which all is united that was found separate, in other kinds of composition according to their various destinations, deserve especial admiration? I must say still more. All Bach's fugues, composed in the years of his maturity, have the above-mentioned properties in common; they are all endowed with equally great excellencies, but each in a different manner. Each has its own precisely defined character; and dependent upon that, its own turns in melody and harmony. When we know and can perform one, we really know only one, and can perform but one; whereas we know and can play whole folios full of fugues by other composers of Bach's times, as soon as we have comprehended, and rendered familiar to our hand, the turns of a single one.

To such properties and excellencies do the arts of counterpoint lead, when they are well employed; that is to say, as Bach employed them. Through them he learned to develop, from a given theme, a whole series of resembling, yet different melodies, in every kind of taste, and in all figures; through them he learned not merely to begin well, but also to continue, and to end well; through them he acquired such a command of harmony, and its infinite transpositions, that he could reverse whole pieces, note by note, in all the parts, without in the least impairing the flow of the melody, or the purity of the harmony; through them he learned to make the most artificial canons, in all intervals and all kinds of movement, so light and flowing, that nothing is to be perceived of the art employed in them, and they sound entirely like freer compositions; through them, finally, he was enabled to leave to posterity a great number of works of the most various kinds, which are all models of art, and will remain so, till the art shall be no more*.

What has been hitherto said relates chiefly to Bach's compositions for

the clavichord and the organ. But as the art is divided, according to its application, into two main branches, namely, into instrumental and vocal music, and Bach wrote in both, the reader will, perhaps, like to hear a few words respecting his vocal compositions.

It was at Weimar that he first had occasion to employ himself in vocal composition, when he was appointed leader of the band, and as such had to provide the church music for the court chapel. The style which he used in his church music, was like the style of his organ—devout, solemn, and in every respect what the style of church music should be. He had also the very just principle not to study the expression of single words, which leads but to mere trifling, but only the expression of the whole. His choruses are throughout full of magnificence and solemnity. Very often he chose a choral melody for them, and made the other parts accompany in fugues, as is done in motets.—The same richness of harmony that is found in his other works, prevails here also, only adapted to the vocal parts, and the instrumental accompaniment. His recitations are well declaimed, and provided with rich basses. In his airs, of which many have the finest and most expressive melody, he appears frequently to have constrained himself, and to have conformed to the ability of his singers and performers, who, notwithstanding, had ceaseless complaints to make of their difficulty. If he had been so happy as to have had none but capable performers of his church music, they would certainly have left impressions of their excellence, and, like his other works, be still used and admired. The inexhaustable treasure of art which they contain, would have been worthy of longer preservation.

Among many occasional pieces which he composed in Leipzig, I mention only two funeral Cantatas: the one of which was performed at Cothen, at the funeral ceremony of his beloved Prince Leopold; the other in St. Paul's Church at Leipzig, at the funeral sermon upon the death of Christiana Eberhardine, Queen of Poland, and Electress of Saxony. The first contains double choruses of uncommon magnificence, and of the most affecting expression; the second has indeed only single choruses, but they are so delightful, that he who has begun to play one of them, will never quit it till he has finished it. It was composed in October, 1727.

Besides the vocal works here mentioned, Bach composed also a great many motets, chiefly for the choir of St. Thomas's School at Leipzig. This choir always had fifty singers, and sometimes more, for whose musical improvement Bach provided like a father, and gave them so much practice by motets for one, two, or more choruses, that they could become at least correct and good choir singers. Among the motets for two choruses, composed for this purpose there are some which surpass, in magnificence and richness of harmony and melody, and in life and spirit, every thing of the kind. But, like every thing of Bach's, or, rather, like all great and rich works of art, they are difficult to execute, and must, besides, be performed by a numerous orchestra, to produce their full effect.

These are the most important of Bach's vocal compositions. For the inferior kind of art, dedicated to social entertainment, he has done nothing, certainly not much, notwithstanding he was of so sociable and friendly a disposition. Thus, for instance, he is said never to have composed a song. For this, however, he was not wanted. These pleasing little flowers of art will never become extinct: Nature produces them herself, even without particular pains being bestowed in their cultivation.

(To be continued.)

LEIPZIG.—An Italian operatic company, under the management of M. Ronzi, from Paris, has been giving some performances. Among the operas represented were *Il Barbieri* and *La Sonnambula*, the principal characters being sustained by Mad. Laborde, Signori Baragli and Rovere.—According to some German papers, Herr Theodor Formes intends to marry again shortly, and then to leave Europe for America.

BADEN.—At the last Soirée of Chamber-Music, got up by Herr Heerman, the pianoforte part in Beethoven's C major Trio, Op. 70, and Schubert's Op. 100, were admirably played by Madame Viardot-Garcia.—The grand International Concert, now being organised by Ernest Reyer, is fixed to take place on the 31st inst, and will open, in a dignified way, the series of grand concerts for the season. The programme is not quite decided on yet, but the following pieces will be comprised in the programme: Overture ("Chant des Belges"), Litoff; *La Fuite en Egypte*, Berlioz; "Prelude" (for orchestra), Liszt; "Beschwörung der bösen Geister des Salem," E. Reyer; fragment from *L'Africaine*, Meyerbeer; "Sur le Fleuve étranger" (chorus), Gounod; fragment from *Les Troyens*, Berlioz; and "Noël," Bénöt. Among the soloists will be Mesdames Viardot, Charton-Demeur, MM. Jourdain, and Agnesi.—Dr. Rietz is stopping at Madame Viardot-Garcia's villa. He has gone there to consult, for the new edition shortly to be published by MM. Breitkopf and Härtel, the original score of Mozart's *Don Juan*, which Madame Viardot-Garcia purchased some years ago for 6000 francs.

* There are persons who are of opinion that Bach perfected harmony only. But if we have a right idea of harmony, according to which it is a means to extend and increase musical expressions, we cannot even imagine it without melody. When it is, moreover, like that of Bach—a multiplied melody, I do not see how we can be of the above opinion. According to my ideas, we might rather say, such or such a composer has perfected melody only, because fine melody may subsist without harmony, but no fine and true harmony without melody. He, therefore, who has perfected harmony, has perfected the whole; the melodist, on the contrary, only a part of the whole.

HANDEL FESTIVAL RETROSPECT.

No. 2. (From "The Pall Mall Gazette.")

It seems a great pity, now that the Handel Festival is over, that it should last so short a time; for no sooner have the great choral and instrumental forces learned to work perfectly together, than the hour has already arrived for their dispersion. We believe, however, that out of the 3,500 vocalists included in the festival choir, more than one half come from the provinces. Their time may be precious, their hotel-bills are no doubt heavy, and, perhaps, the most astonishing thing is that they should have been able to absent themselves from their ordinary occupations so long as they have done. Then out of the twenty or twenty-five thousand persons who make up an ordinary Handel Festival audience, a very large number must be strangers to London. Mr. Bowley and the secretaries of the various railway companies could, by taking thought together, ascertain exactly how many; but, as far as we can judge, at least half of the regular attendants, if not half of each particular audience, have been visitors from the country. The majority of London amateurs appear to have contented themselves with being present at one performance, whereas our provincial friends have evidently made the most of their opportunities, and—like the visitors from London at the great music-meetings of the cathedral towns—have missed nothing. On the whole, we fancy we have the advantage of our country visitors. London makes no holiday on their arrival; indeed, although they come by thousands, their presence in the metropolis is scarcely remarked. The Londoner, on the other hand, who goes to Leeds, Birmingham, or either of the cathedral towns when the local festival is being held, is received with great hospitality. In London, to be sure, it is no one's business in particular to be hospitable, and, thanks to the new companies for the promotion of eating and drinking, we have plenty of hotel accommodation. Moreover, the Handel Festival is not, strictly speaking, a London festival, though it is held near the metropolis. It is the festival of all England, and London alone could neither get it up nor maintain it.

The Handel Festival is, indeed, too great an affair to belong to any one city; and it brings together at Sydenham amateurs and musicians from all parts of the country. Nor are the provinces, any more than the metropolis, drained of their vocalists for this particular occasion. At the festival just at an end, the admirable chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre was not represented at all; while if all the choral societies in England, instead of sending delegations, had presented themselves at the Crystal Palace in a mass, the building would scarcely have sufficed to hold them. The host of chorus singers assembled this week at the Crystal Palace was a suggestive sight in many respects. It was, in the first place, the largest choir ever known (except at the Crystal Palace itself) since the building of Solomon's Temple. At the stupendous concerts of King Nebuchadnezzar, at which all kinds of musical instruments were employed, the vocal performers do not seem to have formed a remarkable feature at all. To spring suddenly to Handel's own days, we find that then a hundred instrumentalists formed such a band, and fifty vocalists such a chorus, as was thought to be unapproachable as far as numbers were concerned. Even now, in this age of "monster concerts," the Handel Festival orchestra, with its four thousand singers and musicians, is a marvel. M. Berlioz, at the opening of the French Palace of Industry, in 1855, did his utmost, and could only get together about half the number, and then could only direct them by means of magnetic telegraphs and other scientific and more or less charlatanic devices. In Germany, no doubt, more and better chorus singers could be found than in England, but not so many who are acquainted with Handel's music, and know from tradition how it ought to be sung.

Altogether, the Handel Festivals possess quite a national character, and are thoroughly English celebrations in spite of the fact that Handel was not an Englishman. He was an Englishman, however, in the sense in which Napoleon Bonaparte (or Bonaparte) was a Frenchman, and in which Catherine II., in spite of her German blood, may fairly be considered a Russian. If Handel adopted England as his country, England has certainly adopted Handel as her composer—not simply by claiming him as such, but by studying and practising his works. Accordingly, his music is nowhere so fully appreciated as in this country, and the very extent to which the *Messiah* (above all his other oratorios) is known, renders it exceedingly difficult to speak of that work without repeating what has been said over and over again. Thus every constant reader knows before hand what the too constant critic can yet scarcely help telling him—that the *Messiah* was brought out in Dublin, that George III. said certain things about the music, and that his Majesty set the example of standing up when the Hallelujah chorus was performed. But, to dwell upon these notorious historical facts, to recur to these familiar little anecdotes connected with the *Messiah* is, perhaps, after all, more reasonable than to point out beauties in the music every one of which must now have been indicated some thousands of times. The *Messiah*, in addition to its

musical value, has with time acquired a sort of legendary interest. This happens to all great works, and, like *Don Giovanni* and *Faust*—which, as the *Times* critic well remarks, are to Mozart and Götthe what the *Messiah* is to Handel—the oratorio of oratorios has a hold on literature and a set of traditions of its own. The immense popularity of the *Messiah* in England is not only creditable, it is also highly improving to English taste. It is of inestimable advantage to the student to know at least one work of art thoroughly, and the number of musicians and amateurs who are familiar with the *Messiah* may be counted by thousands, or even tens of thousands. *Hamlet*, which is after all the most popular play in the English language, is less known to playgoers than the *Messiah* is to the frequenters of musical entertainments. No great musical celebration ever taken place in England without the *Messiah* being performed. This is so much the case that a sort of Handel-worship may be said to exist among us through this the greatest of his works. We meet with the *Messiah* at every turn, and now and then feel inclined to ask whether it is not possible to have too much even of the *Messiah*. On reflection, however, we are convinced that through these constantly repeated performances of Handel's great work, a standard of execution is reached which could be attained by no other means, and which it is most desirable to keep up. It is due, no doubt, to this familiarity with the music of the *Messiah* that the vocal masses engaged at the Handel Festival were able on Friday to do such ample justice to the magnificent series of choruses in *Israel in Egypt*—than which nothing finer in the way of choral singing could possibly be heard. There is an old, and probably untrue, story of a singing-master who, after making his pupil study a certain number of exercises for years together, told him that he had now nothing more to learn, for that he was the greatest vocalist of the day. He must have had an immense deal more to learn—to begin with, dramatic expression, which the singing of exercises certainly could not teach him. But we can understand the great use of his having learnt to do one thing to perfection, and this is what our English chorus singers have done by constantly practising the *Messiah*.

Of the three performances which, with the so-called rehearsal of Friday, the 22nd, constituted the Handel festival, the most popular was that of Wednesday—if the number of pieces re-demanded be any test. The "selection" given this day had been most judiciously made. The choruses were well contrasted with solo recitatives and airs, and the extracts presented from the oratorio of *Saul*, including, as they did, all the most characteristic pieces, served to give an excellent idea of the entire work. In considering, not so much whether Handel was an Englishman, as whether his music has or has not become English music, it would be worth remembering that two of the pieces contained in Wednesday's programme are only less generally known in England than "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." We mean the sublimely sad Dead March from *Saul*, and the march and chorus from *Judas Maccabaeus*, which not even election bands (soon, alas! to be heard again) have succeeded in vulgarizing. The former is the English accompaniment of all military funerals and of State funerals of all kinds; the latter is the English hymn of triumph, whether it be sounded to celebrate the victory of a town-councillor or of the hero of a hundred fights. On Wednesday it was this true song of rejoicing that terminated the day's performance. But it was as well that a serious artistic celebration like the Handel festival should not end with a collection of fragments, however beautiful in themselves; and nothing could have brought the festival more worthily to a close than Friday's magnificent performance of *Israel in Egypt*. It is said that, in spite of the miserable weather, some 15,000 persons were present; many of whom, thanks to the careful arrangements made by the railway company for keeping them as long as possible in the rain, must have been wet through.

Handel's music inside the palace, and the rain outside, gave to the entertainment of Friday a thoroughly English character. But those among the audience who were drenched were yet not dispirited. The festival cannot be said to have ended as brilliantly as it began, but the singing of the choruses on Friday was perhaps finer than on any of the previous days; and the comparatively small audience of 15,000 applauded it more warmly than, under the circumstances, might have been expected, for with the rain patterning on the outside roof of glass, the "Hailstone chorus" must have had a chilling effect on some of the hearers. Indeed, many of the pieces in the oratorio of the day—for instance, "The waters overwhelmed them," and all the music suggestive of getting drowned—were painfully significant to those who had suffered personally from the storm.

SALZBURG.—The mode in which two fair artists from Milan, Leopoldine and Rosine Bordini, announced their concert is very original, also, at the same time, rather suggestive as to the climate of this town. They state that the said concert "will take place on the next rainy evening" for which they do not think they will have to wait long.

Muttoniana.



To DR. SILENT.

DEAR SILENT.—I am happy to inform you that Dick Marlispicke and Ap'Shenkins have returned from the continent. Hear are Spicke's apostle:—

MY DEAR LAD.—I am glad to inform thee that Ap'Shenkins and myself have returned to England. Eh lad, it's true whats thou told me about Paris; I never seed such grand place afore; eh, I have so much to tell thee, lad. Ap'Shenkins and myself are going to that place in Leicester Square—what does you call it? Alabama or summit like it, ah no, Alhambra. I seed its in *times* to-morrow evening; we go to that opera house in the hay market; thou knows ware we went afore; eh lad, I do so long to hear yon Santley and Tittums sing; I believe that Santley is a Lancashire *lad*; eh, he does sing rare and weel, I never heared any one like him in than forgn parts; but, my lad, don't thee forget to be there to meet me in time. Ap'Shenkins has just got hold of the *Musical World*, and he points out a letter in't, and the language is so bad—it is about Poodle Dog in Leicester Square. A man that put his name an Angel. I tell thee what I thought of him, I said that he was an Angel from a coal pit. But Ap'Shenkins said, I think, that the letter is from poor Botref; it's true, lad, we, I maens him; but be in time for to-morrow next.—I am, my lad, thine ever truly,

MARLISPICKE.

Trusting, Mr. Editor, you will excuse me sending you the sentiments of a Lancashire nail-maker, I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

Rhos.

My DEAR SILENT.—Allow me to send one more epistle to the most noble Engel.

FROM JUSTO TO THE MOST NOBLE ENGEL.

It is to thee, oh Vizser, that I owe this grudge; is it thy high living that causes thee to sting the present, ah thou coward and unknown to the world, look within thyself and ask the question, and let thy Poodle brain bring forth its essence. Ah thou Pidier and fringore of an elephant's *tusks*! thou speaks about wit in thy epistles to me:—Try once more, and swell the *boobie styes*, and bring them to a *cadenza*, that I may know whom I treat with.—From

JUSTO.

My DEAR AP'POODLE.—"Nothing of the kind, Sir." This is simply a quotation; I'm not at all original; oh dear, no! neither are you; therefore, we are on equal terms, but with this difference: I write sense; you write non-sense. "It's a fact"—as Van Haurme says—"Nothing of the kind, Sir," the eminent oboe-player did not write the letter signed "Rambler;" and I do not believe he ever reads the *Musical World* only when I lend him one of the two copies I subscribe for weekly. Are you aware of the following:—1. That it's perceivable that you are so far beaten that you have lost your temper; and, secondly, that alcohol was first invented and used to stain the cheeks of the ladies of Arabia—567 years ago. It still reddens the human face. After Dean Swift, for satire, read Byron, for poetry,—Yours when and where you like, and how, and with what you like,

RAMBLER.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you in my last that I am neither the *last* nor the *least* of "the would-be soloists," and that it would be an utter impossibility for me to go "double-quick." R.—R.

GIUGLINI.

Give back the voice whose silver tones
In fancy never near;
U seless all art while his sweet notes
G reet not our listening ear.
L et frenzy, pitying our woe,
I n mercy leave her prey,
N ight of dark terror lose it's power
I n reason's perfect day.

ZETA.

"A Contralto" will be much obliged if Dr. Silent will be more loquacious in the next number, as her question respecting the compass of the contralti engaged at the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre, &c., remains unnoticed in his last brief reply to her note.

"A Contralto" intended to write exceptional, and thought she had done so. She is pleased to hear that her voice has a compass which is *exceptional*, understanding the word to mean, *rare, uncommon*; and she would like to know if it be its high, or its low notes, which entitle it to be so considered.

"A Contralto" believes she can—by practice—extend her compass both ways, *at least a tone*; would it be advisable to do so, or, would it be better to cultivate extension at only *one* extremity, and if so, at *which*?

"A Contralto" hopes that Dr. Silent will not consider her troublesome.

AIR, "LITTLE BILLY."

Three singers once in Paris city,
Three singers once in Paris city,
Upon a ship they went to sea,
Upon a ship they went to sea.

There was Faure and Naudin (from Italy)
And Madame Saxe, whose name takes e.
At last, says Naudin, we wrecked shall be,
Unless the captain lists to me.
"There's Tangiers, and there's Madagascar,
And that's the Cape where rocks I see."
Now all were drowned, except these three,
And Battu, whom they call Marie.
Then Naudin sailed to France with she,
While Saxe expired beneath a tree.
And Faure, *il ne poussa qu'un cri*;
But no one cares for him one d—

SIMCOCK HOUSE.

AP'POODLE'S FEUILLETON (?)

(The reader is politely requested not to laugh at the idea.—
AB. S.)

DR. SILENT.—Sir,—According to your instructions, I started from Chelsea Station last Thursday (June 29) for the Crystal Palace, to go and listen to, and report upon that "miscellany not perhaps strictly in accordance with classic ideas" (*style Morning Post*) selected from Handel's oratorios, &c. I jumped into a third-class carriage, having first taken the precaution not to purchase a ticket, and sat myself immediately opposite a most miserable looking gentleman, whose chief occupation during our stay at the station seemed to be sighing and shaking his head sadly.

I always speak to fellow-travellers. I generally open the conversation by asserting that the state of the weather is just the contrary to what it is—this naturally raises a discussion; I argue and object—say: "yes . . . but . . . well . . . perhaps" . . . and so on, but ultimately allow myself to be convinced. Now, I have found by experience that when a casual acquaintance, like a fellow-railway-traveller, has convinced you of one thing, he is sure to rouse up some favorite topic of his, which he has argued fifty times over with his intimates, and in which, depending upon it, he has been as many times worsted, and enjoy for once the satisfaction of laying down the law irrefutably.

In this manner I have heard the most astounding projects, plans, and theories propounded. One man left me last year at Bath (on my way to Exeter) with the clear understanding that I should, according to a route planned by him, undertake a trip to Central Africa, six thousand miles further inland than any white man had ever reached, and where I should find the Dodo alive and a-kicking. Another, whom I left at Halifax (during a journey N.), a concertina-player (amateur), thoroughly convinced me that Wagner was the most extraordinary musician that ever lived; and the last I met with on a journey from Plymouth to Aberdeen explained to me how you must go to work to comprehend a musical review from the pages of the *Athenaeum*—he was a man of great learning, and evidently capable of grappling with his subject, quoting Confucius and Zarastres as familiarly as you or I would quote Ap'Mutton. Unfortunately at Edinburgh, on getting out for refreshments, he lost the thread of his argument, and in trying back got into algebra, trigonometry, infinitesimal fractions, the Schleswig-Holstein question, two or three chancery suits, Bradshaw, Magioni's translations, chances at *trente et quarante* and *roulette*, and the first chapter of Ezekiel. Had the train been a dozen hours late instead of as many minutes, I might have been to-day able to solve a mystery which, I fear, must now remain unfathomable. But on this occasion (June 29) I fell in with an eccentric of a very different stamp (I was almost forgetting a man who, during the panic caused by Muller's deed of violence, proposed to me that he should denounce me as the culprit, receive the rewards offered, and, after bribing the gaolers at Newgate to let me out, proceed to Brussels, where he promised me on his word of honor he would meet me to divide the rewards. I

* This lady, formerly known as "Sax," has lately been compelled by M. Adolphe Sax, the maker and inventor of Saxhorns, to add an "e" to her adopted name.

[July 22, 1865.]

agreed to the proposition, only with a different cast of characters). Well, my sad friend, as I said, was a man of a very different stamp, as you will presently see.

You know that it was a broiling hot day, so I said, buttoning up my coat, "How bitterly cold it is." For only answer I got a deep drawn sigh. "Nice shower this," I said, although not a drop was falling. My sad friend gave another sigh and said, as if to himself: "Ah! what care I for rain, sun, cold, or . . . ? I didn't catch the last thing it was he wanted to know whether he cared for, for it was smothered in a still deeper sigh. "Excuse me, Sir," I said to him, "but you'll jerk the train off the rails if you sigh in that manner . . . what ails you? . . . lost your ticket? "No . . . worse than that? . . . "Not got the stomach-ache?" . . . No Sir, no . . . but I'm in an awful fix! . . . wretched! . . . and how to get out of it I cannot imagine . . . listen, Sir, . . . your manner and look inspires me with confidence . . . you might . . . who knows? . . . you might advise me in this sore . . . trying . . . perplexing situation?" . . . "So far as I am able, I am willing," I rejoined. "Well then, Sir, give me your attention" . . . "Certainly, only don't let me pass Clapham Junction, as I have to change for the Crystal Palace." . . . "Five minutes will suffice . . . pray listen. . .

The following narrative and dialogue then ensued between the traveller and myself:—

TRAV. Well then, Sir, to be brief, . . . I must begin my history from the days of my earliest infancy." . . .

AP'P. "The deuce you must!" . . .

TRAV. "Yes . . . don't be alarmed . . . it'll interest you . . . How old should you take me to be?" . . .

AP'P. "Well . . . I should say between . . . thirty and fifty-six." . . .

TRAV. "You've just hit it . . . I'm thirty-three . . . and as you now see me, I represent a man who has been to California." . . .

AP'P. "Oh! indeed!" . . .

TRAV. "Yes . . . My father and mother died when I was yet an infant, leaving me to the care of a bachelor uncle." . . .

AP'P. "Like the babes in the wood?" . . .

TRAV. "Exactly." . . .

AP'P. "You are not perchance . . . one of them . . . the male?" . . .

TRAV. "I beg you will not think I am romancing . . . I will, however, skip over my school days, which were" . . .

AP'P. "Thank you."

TRAV. "As nothing, compared to the remarkable incidents I will now relate. I was scarcely twenty years of age when Mr. Smith (the name of my uncle) took unto himself a wife; my aunt was a splendid woman of a stately tragical aspect; she reminds me now of the portraits I've seen of Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth. Contrary to the habit of most aunts, who do not always adore their nephews, this one at times looked at me in a manner which clearly said: 'Augustus, I cannot say I hate you from the bottom of my heart.' . . . These looks as their meaning broke upon my stubborn intellects, shocked and revolted me . . . frightened and scared, I resolved to fly to California!" .

AP'P. "A long way."

TRAV. Yes . . . but you must know that I am passionately fond of hunting and shooting, and that I had an object in going there. . . . So I departed for California. I need not tell you that my uncle and aunt strongly objected to this abrupt departure! . . . but I was inexorable. . . . I left Threadneedle on a Saturday morning, having in my pocket the amount of my father's legacy intact, and which, with eighteen years accumulated interest, amounted to £7, 14s. 9d. My aunt crammed my boxes with flannel shirts and thick socks, having heard that the evenings were chilly on the Caucasus. . . . But before proceeding any further, I should like to know what you think of my adventures so far?" . . .

AP'P. "Well, it begins to interest me . . . only I've read something in Racine slightly resembling it." . . .

TRAV. "Oh, indeed? . . . I'm rather pleased at that. . . . My aunt on giving me the key of my trunk, hissed these words in my ear: 'We shall meet again!' . . . She had scarcely allowed the words to escape her compressed lips when I seized my traps and rushed to California. . . . Now, my object in going to California was to capture a *caravane* . . . you've heard of the *caravane* of course? . . .

AP'P. "Y-e-e-s . . . slightly."

TRAV. "Bye the by, are you fond of sport?

AP'P. "Well, I've shot pigeons at the" . . .

TRAV. "Oh! then an account of the *caravane* will interest you. This monster was first discovered by Captain Read-Maine, and has since been seen by nobody else. It appears that this animal locates in the marshes that abound on the Rocky Mountains, and that the natives fish for him with hooks of the dimension of a frigate's-anchor, he being nine times bigger than the elephant. . . . You can easily understand my anxiety to capture one of these monsters?" . . .

AP'P. "Quite . . . very natural."

TRAV. "My ambition was to present one to the Zoological Gardens.

Before leaving England I had purchased a double-barrelled rifle and everything necessary to my enterprise. On reaching California I immediately inquired where I should meet with the *caravane*. Some said there were lots in the north, and others that they abounded in the south. Noting down these particulars, I bought a horse and launched out into the great desert. . . . For twelve long months did I seek a *caravane*, on the hills and on the plains, but to no end . . . when one day, as I was musing by the sea-shore, judge of my surprise when I beheld my aunt and my uncle in a canoe making straight for where I stood! !"

AP'P. "Rum!"

TRAV. "Rum? . . . I should think it was . . . in another moment they were in my arms The first emotions over, I said to my aunt, 'What the devil fetched you here?' . . . 'Ungrateful one!' she answered . . . and in less time, and a hundred times more words than I can use, she explained how she had fired my uncle's ambition . . . She told him of kingdoms that only awaited a man of intellect to proclaim him king . . . she told him he was vegetating in the city, whilst a crown awaited him in India . . . laughed at his volunteer uniform, and urged him, if he was a soldier, to prove it by conquering a crown for his wife. Thereupon it would appear that my uncle sold his business, and came out to California in search of a kingdom to reign over. I took them to a neighbouring hotel, and at dinner time my uncle read to me a rough draft of the constitution he meant to propose to his people, and the project of a law by which he associated me with him in the empire, and named me his only successor. I threw myself into his arms, thanking him for his kindness, but inwardly determining to prosecute my search after the *caravane*. Next morning at breakfast, I told my uncle that I had made inquiries in different quarters, and learnt from a trapper that there was a tribe of Sioux about two thousand miles south, whose chief had just died from an indigestion of buffalo hump . . . so that as that throne was vacant, he might apply for it. . . ."

"By Jove!" said my uncle, "that's fortunate . . . there's no time to lose . . . let's be off." . . . We purchased mules, and the same day proceeded south; my uncle in his volunteer uniform, with his busby, because he thought the costume would astonish the natives. We struck right into the prairies, and as I was supposed to nourish them upon the produce of my sport, we starved, or nearly so, for six weeks The hopes of soon ascending a throne alone sustained my aunt and my uncle One day as we were resting under a cherry tree my uncle said to me: 'Just look at that thing looking at us through the grass!' . . . The devil (cried I) it's a redskin! . . ."

"What's a redskin?" (asked my uncle). "Why, an Indian!"

"Oh then (said uncle) that's just what we want . . . I'll read my proclamation to him." . . . (Just here, the Indian slipped through the grass like an eel.) "Well! (exclaimed uncle) where's he off to like that?"

"Going for his pals, no doubt (I answered) . . . we're in for it, I can tell you . . . we'd better hoo it! . . . 'Hook it? . . . Why?' 'Come on (said I) run for your life . . .' We rushed to a cavern close by, and rolling some stones to the entrance, barricaded ourselves as well as we could . . . we had scarcely been there five minutes before we heard footsteps and no end of a chatter. Looking through an opening I beheld about forty Indians in their war-paint, holding council . . . at last, he who appeared to be the chief held the following discourse to us: 'The pale face, like the ostrich of Sahara, thinks he is not seen when he has buried his head in the sands . . . but the red skin has the eye of the lynx . . . three pale faces are here concealed . . . two warriors and a squaw . . . 'What does he mean by a squaw (asked my aunt)." . . . "He means you (I answered)."

"The blackguard (muttered my aunt)." . . . "The pale faces may come forth" continued the Indian . . . "we merely want the scalps of the two gentlemen, and the squaw shall come to my wigwam to cook my dinner, look after my linen, and make herself generally useful." "D—— it!" (exclaimed my uncle) . . . this doesn't look like a coronation!" . . . "Never! never!" (shrieked my aunt) never shall you touch a hair of Gus's head . . . listen, redskin . . . I have another proposition to make to you . . . 'Speak, squaw . . .' (said the redskin). "I have a splendid head of hair, and a false tail in the bargain . . . take it all . . . take it all . . . but touch not Gus's!" Do you know anything of the human heart? AP'P. A little. TRAV. Then you will not be surprised at what follows . . . The Indian answered nothing . . . but my uncle in a towering rage, kicked up a deuce of a shindy . . . 'What's this I hear? ! . . .' (he exclaimed) . . . What do I hear . . . guilty spouse! avant! . . . hence! 'Smith! (gasped my aunt) Smith! what horrible suspicion crosses your mind?' 'Suspicion?!! (laughed uncle) suspicion!!' Just here the Indian knocking at the cavern, said: 'Hum! . . . Squaw! listen to our answer . . .' 'Go to the devil, stoopid! (roared my uncle) here stand two guilty wretches whom I'll scalp on my own account! . . .'"

Saying which, he drew his sword and seized aunt by her back

hair!!!! On the other hand, the Indian naturally vexed at being called 'stoopid' began, with that marvellous instinct peculiar to Indians, to demolish the barricade that separated us at that instant I cocked my rifle!

Ar'P. "Just so . . . by jingo! . . . I can almost fancy myself in the cavern with you"

Trav. "And I . . ."

Ar'P. "Killed red skin!" . . .

Trav. "No . . . not yet . . ."

Ar'P. You didn't surely attempt the days of Mr. Smith, your uncle?!"

Trav. "That's just the point . . . it's on that score I want your advice . . ."

Ar'P. My advice! . . . what for? . . . you must surely know how this business ended?!"

Trav. "Why . . . no . . . and that's what perplexes me . . . it's a drama I'm writing for the Victoria, and I'm only puzzled for the denouement . . . now what shall I do? . . ."

Brighton! Brighton! shouted the guards, and sure enough, dear Silent, I was at Brighton.

Trav. "Good morning, sir, . . . I stop here . . . much obliged for your attention . . . sorry you can't help me."

Ar'P. *

(Those stars represent the compliments I paid the miserable looking man. I leave it to your imagination what they convey . . . and now you know why I didn't send you that slashing critique that was to let the British public know what all those singers, whom they make so much of, really are worth. Narrow escape for Costa, Reeves, Santley, Dolby, Parepa, and Patti, not forgetting Harper . . . I'd a pitched into them. Yours in violent haste,

Ar'POODLE.

To DR. ABRAHAM SILENT.

Dr. Salmon reads, in the *Athenaeum* (ante-816), what follows:—"The Musical Education Committee of the Society of Arts, are at work prosecuting their inquiries. Sir George Clerk, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Mr. H. F. Chorley, and Mr. Lucas, have willingly consented to be examined." Dr. Salmon wishes to know why the inquiries should be prosecuted, and what was the matter with the four-gentlemen, that they required being examined?

CAPE COD LOGARITHMS.

DEAR SILENT,—I hear that Professor Nine is at Cape Cod, writing a book on seven-figure logarithms, with a view to upsetting the doctrine of numerical tubes as applied to keyed instruments. I am afraid the news is too good to be true.

EVELYN BLOOD (Bart).

To OWAIN AR'MUTTON, Esq.

SIR.—As you no doubt aided Molière in the composition of his comedies (which, despite the opinion of Schlegel, I still take leave to admire) perhaps you will kindly inform me who was the learned man then living, satirised under the name of 'Trissolin' in *Les Femmes Savantes*.

Dry Cottage, Brick Lane.

DRINKWATER HARD.

SIR.—I am sorry I can't avail myself of your kind invite to make a poetic exhibition on behalf of Ar'Poodle, but I don't see the sense of throwing poetry before the Poodle, and, on the other hand, verses as he sent you I shan't try to make from fear to succeed. Besides what he wants is bones and not verses, and I suppose if I don't choose to feed him he will go on barking for ever. Bark then, poor Poodle, bark stories as you can't bark truth, bark fibs where you can't find facts. Accustomed as Poodles usually are, to lying for your comfort, don't disturb your habits, pray, for my sake, and go on

Denying what is troo-dle,
In French, what is the goo-dle,
Make of you a vieux foo-dle,
With stories that won't doo-dle,
You get into the moo-dle,
And hop de dooden doo-dle,
And hop de Noodle Poo-dle,

Yours very, very troo-dle, LOUIS ENGELOO-DLE.

MARIO.

(Dedicated to JOHN BOOSEY, Esq.)

M ost noble tenor, great prince of lyric song,
A minister thy rare powers to the assembled throng;
R evive the echoes of thy glorious days,
I nspire the multitude with thy sweet lays
O f great maestros. Amen!

(Lovers of opera say.)

July 19.

BOOTH BIRCH.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

(Dedicated to SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, Esq.)

A heroine of Saint Cecilian fame
R evolves round the musical world;
A scandal music from her fingers flame,
B eautiful harmonies on the air are hurl'd;
E thesal grandeur, balmy pleasures dance
L impidly o'er our senses, whilst happiness
L eaps through every bone. Oh, the heavenly trance
A wakes the imagination to joy peerless

G enius sublime; inspired creature;
O h, enchant us still! from the maestro's treasure
D elightful music essay in grand measure;
D eluge our hearts with this majestic feature.
A rouse human nature with immortal themes,
E canimate their souls that love may beam
D elicious sweets like A Midsummer Night's Dream.

BOOTH BIRCH.

July 18.

STANDING LONE ON WAVES.

(Dedicated to HARMONY SILVER, Esq.)

I gaze upon the stranger land that I am sent to sway,
And on the captive hearts it holds, who must that rule obey;
But its shores, or waves that wash them, whereon I stand thus lone,
Contain not one amongst them all so withered as my own.

Fish and Volume, July 21.

Abraham Silent.

MOSCOW.—On the 6th ult., the fifth Monster Concert, under the direction of Prince Galitzin, was given in the rotunda of the Zoological Gardens. The chorus and band consisted, as usual, of three hundred performers. The first part contained: Overture to *La Muette, Auber*; chorus from the first act of the same opera; "Song with Variations," Kalliwoda; and Chorus from *La Sonnambula*. The second part comprised: Mendelssohn's "Wedding March;" "Song for Chorus," Galitzin; "Song for Orchestra" (conducted by the composer himself), Wodrolukoff; and, by general desire, according to the bills, a third "Song" by Kalliwoda. The third part was made up of "Fantasias on Russian Songs for Orchestra," Galitzin; the well-known national song, "I loved Thee!" Scheremeteff; "Fantasia," Galitzin; and, finally, a selection from Glinka's *Life for the Czar*.

VIENNA.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* is to be produced in December. All the arrangements have been made with Madame Meyerbeer, and everything connected with the scenery and machinery is perfectly satisfactory. There are only two bagatelles still wanting: an "Africaine" and a *Vasco di Gamma*. The management hope to find both among the "stars," male and female, under agreement to appear. Herr Ferdinand Hiller will shortly pay this capital a visit, for the purpose of superintending personally the getting-up of his *Deserteur*.

SIGNOR MARCHESI—whose non-engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre this year has surprised more than ourselves, more especially as he is chamber singer to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar—gave a *Matinée* at the residence of Mrs. Jones, 52, Eaton Square, on Thursday, the 6th instant. The programme was of the very simplest, but not the less grateful to the fair and fashionable auditors, who do not look for excitement in a musical entertainment. Signor Marchesi well provided himself with singers and players. Among the former were Milles. Marco, Peschell, and Carlotta Patti, Madame Gazzanica, Herr Reichardt, and Signor Ciabatta; among the latter, Mr. H. Sternberg (violin), Signor Bonicoli (clarionet), Mr. Aptomas (harp), Signor Matti (pianoforte), and Signor Pezze (violincello). There were no salient points in the performance. Signor Marchesi proved himself an excellent caterer, and a capital singer, as we need hardly observe, and the whole concert was a genuine success. At the piano were Messrs Bevignani Hargitt, G. B. Allen, Albites, and Benedict.

P. M.

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A NEW WORK

By JOSEPH GODDARD.

(Short Abstract of Contents.)

CHAP. I.—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment (instinctive and mental), and the two main sections of musical effect (melodic and rhythmic).
CHAP. II.—The exigency in expression which mental sentiment involves, is met in the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works.
CHAP. III.—A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn.
CHAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art.
CHAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan of Opera should be based.
CHAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and musical plan of Oratorio, or Grand Cantata, should be based.
CHAP. VII.—The influence of mental progress upon music.

The author begs to state that the above work has absorbed the greater part of his time and thought for five years, and that it is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate the general nature, scope, and position of the musical art. It is unnecessary to say, such labor as is here involved is not that in connection with music, calculated to prove remunerative. The work in question, however, being calculated to benefit musicians, as tending to elevate their art in general estimation, so far as mental analysis can do so, the author can conscientiously appeal to them for the means of pursuing safe publication.

The promise of one hundred musicians to purchase a copy when the work is ready would constitute this means; and as this is all that is necessary for the immediate production of the book, the author urgently solicits all who feel willing to support it, not to delay communicating with him to that effect.

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To CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEATHS.

On the 18th inst., Mr. JOHN WASS, of Charlotte Street, Russell Square, Professor of Singing, &c.

On Thursday, the 18th inst., Mr. W. J. TENNANT, the well-known vocalist.

The Musical World.
LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

BEETHOVEN'S NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTERS.*

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Matters of less importance, in which advantage was taken of the Archduke's mediation, are not unfrequently to be met with in the course of the letters.

* Continued from page 435.

Thus Beethoven begs the Archduke to aid him in procuring the large hall in the University buildings for his two concerts; he further hopes the Archduke will prevail on the Court to appear at the performance of *Fidelio* given for the composer's benefit; then again he asks him to interfere in the Kinsky matter in Prague; to persuade the Grandduke of Tuscany and the King of Saxony to subscribe to his Grand Mass; and to give a testimonial as to the merit of the same. Finally, he writes about a lodging for Herr Kraft, the violoncellist; about the removal of instruments by a pianoforte-maker, not named; about a place as Court Organist, for Herr Drechsler, the *Capellmeister*, etc.

As the pension assured to Beethoven, in 1809, by the three Princes, was granted without the stipulation of any return being made, we may, knowing as we do the delicacy of the Archduke, most reasonably conclude that he would not have had lessons given, or musical entertainments got up in his apartments without such lessons or entertainments being separately paid for. In one letter we find special thanks for a present after a concert.—We may assume a similar arrangement in the case of the many dedications to Beethoven's works. Despite the fact (or shall we rather say precisely on account of it?) that, in these dedications, Beethoven protests that he "has no ulterior object in view," the generous Archduke most assuredly never failed to make a fitting return for such a mark of attention. The act of dedication was repeated in the case of nine important works, though in the letters we find mention only of the dedication of the Trio, Op. 97; the Sonata, Op. 96; the Sonata, Op. 106; the Sonata, Op. 111; and the Mass in D, Op. 123.—With reference to the dedication of the Trio, Beethoven writes: "I herewith send the dedication of the Trio to your Imperial Highness; it appears upon this, but all works on which it is not expressed, and which have any value in my eyes, are mentally intended for your Imperial Highness."

Allusion is made, for the most varied reasons, to Beethoven's compositions, especially to those just written; at one time, he wants to have them copied for the Archduke; to borrow them; at another, they are mentioned as being proceeded with, or likely to be so; he refers most frequently, however, to the grand Mass in D, which was completed two years *post festum*. There are, also, two compositions mentioned but not cited either in Breitkopf and Härtel's or in Thayer's catalogue; a piece that Beethoven was to compose at the request of the Archduke for a "Pferdproduction" (Carousel, Tilt), and a canon: "Grossen Dank, ÷ ÷."

We find generally from the letters that Beethoven had every new work copied out for the Archduke, if it was not immediately engraved. The musical entertainments which he had to arrange at the Archduke's consisted mostly of his own works. In one letter we read that he was to play at the Archduke's with the violinist Rode; in others, we find allusions to small bands, under Wranitzky's direction, intended to perform Beethoven's Symphonies.

It is not clear from the correspondence that Beethoven gave the Archduke instruction on the piano, on which his Highness appears to have been at that period very advanced. According to witnesses still living, the Archduke frequently played in aristocratic circles, and probably at the musical entertainments given by Prince Lobkowitz. The following passage seems to refer to this: "Your Imperial Highness would perhaps not be doing wrong if this time you made a pause as regards the Lobkowitz concerts; even the most brilliant talent may lose by use."

Though we may assume that Beethoven was in earnest when he so frequently protested that nothing could be more agreeable to him "than by his art to afford the Archduke pleasure," in as far as concerned the production of his works by the Archduke, the matter assumed probably another aspect directly there was

any question of instruction in the art of composition. If the large number of excuses for not attending to give lessons—40 or more letters out of 80 contain such excuses—did not somewhat excite our suspicion as to their value, we should be led to adopt this opinion by Beethoven himself, who adduces medical certificates which the Archduke most certainly never expected; repeatedly admits that appearances are against him, and that his health is not in so bad a way as he had asserted. One feeling very strong in him was his decided aversion to be compelled to perform certain fixed duties; of this description was more especially the task of giving lessons and still more lessons in strict style, which, as we all know, was not his strong point, and for which he was obliged to make especial preparation.—He manifested, on the other hand, enthusiastic delight, when the Archduke dedicated to him some Variations on a theme of his, and acknowledged himself "his" (Beethoven's) "pupil" on the printed title-page. Some of his letters are filled to overflowing with this. He calls the Variations "a masterpiece"; the Archduke "a competitor for the laurels of fame;" "his noble pupil, a favourite of the Muses," and continues thus: "My thanks for this surprise and favor," (the dedication) "with which I have been honored, I dare not express either orally or in writing, since I stand too low, even if I wished, or desired ever so ardently, to return like with like." The Archduke composed other Variations for Piano, which, we are informed, were "charming" and would please lovers of music, but they were not published.

Worthy of attention, in reference to instruction, are the letters in which Beethoven recommends the study of Handel and J. S. Bach, and which contain certain other things unfortunately not intelligible; furthermore those wherein he advises the Archduke, when at the piano, "to note down, shortly and instantly, the notions that strike him. Not only is the imagination strengthened hereby, but a person learns the art of immediately retaining the most out-of-the-way ideas. It is likewise necessary to write without the piano—when you see yourself thus in the middle of art, it affords great pleasure. Gradually comes the power to convey only just what we wish and feel, a power so essential to every man of noble mind."

We could not entertain the slightest doubt of the genuineness of Beethoven's attachment to the Archduke even though we did not possess the letters which express this feeling with the greatest warmth, and just as little can we suspect the truth of the regret he so frequently expressed at the continuously recurring attacks of the nervous disease from which the Archduke was relieved only by death. It would have been difficult for anyone to remain insensible to the indescribable gentleness and forbearance, despite all Beethoven's peculiarities, displayed by the Archduke; yet, on one occasion, and on one occasion only, the over-excitability of the master breaks out, "when, while selecting the music in Vienna, he met with some opposition from the *Obristhofmeister*," and thus proceeds against the Archduke, who had nothing to do with the affair: "So much I must say, namely, that by treatment of this kind many a good, talented, and noble-minded man would be scared away from your Imperial Highness, were he not fortunate enough to be intimately acquainted with your admirable qualities of mind and heart." We see how difficult it must sometimes have been even for the Archduke himself to remain on good terms with Beethoven. We find many incidental references to men and things scattered here and there through the letters. Thus the meeting at Töplitz, in 1812, with Göthe, is cursorily mentioned, and in the very same letter we read of a concert with which we were previously not acquainted, and which Beethoven gave in company with the violinist Polledro, at Carlsbad, for the benefit of the town of Baden, that had just been burnt down. His

opinion of Rode the violinist is piquant. Mention, also, is made of Madame Milder, of J. M. Vogel and Forti, who were then singing in *Fidelio*, and likewise of Herr Wranitzky, the *Cupellmeister*.

DON JUAN.—DR. FAUSTUS.—PUNCH.

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Of the operas of the old *répertoire* not one is played so often in London as *Don Giovanni*, while of modern operas, if we may judge of the number of times it has been represented this year at Covent-garden, the most popular would seem to be *Faust*. The subject of both works has a strong hold on the popular imagination, and it would be easy and interesting to show that the legends of *Faust* and *Don Juan* have a common origin. Indeed, both the heroes sell themselves to Satan. The only difference is that *Faust* makes a formal compact with the fiend, whereas *Don Juan* runs heavily into his debt with the full knowledge that ultimately, whether he likes it or not, he will be called upon to pay in person.

Whatever be the origin of the story of *Faust*, it is very ancient, and has been known for at least 800 years. The poem of *Theophilus*, the seneschal of the Bishop of Adama, in Sicily, who, like *Faust*, sold himself to the evil one, and who apparently was the first man to whom it ever occurred to enter into such a compact, is to be found in Low German; but the version abounds in Saxon or Anglo-Saxon archaisms, and is evidently imitated from an Anglo-Saxon original, which seems to have been known some time after the Norman Conquest, when Rutebouf, the *trouvere*, borrowed the subject and treated it in the form of a mystery. An account of Rutebouf's "mystery," of which Marlowe must have made considerable use in writing his *Devil and Dr. Faustus*, was published some twenty years ago by M. Charles Magnin in the *Journal des Sarants*. The English dramatist appears also to have borrowed materials from the legend of Dr. *Faustus* as popularised in Germany. In *Theophilus* the hero revolts against heaven, and, led away by a magician, sells himself to the fiend that he may enjoy all the pleasures of the earth; whereas, in the *Devil and Dr. Faustus*, the hero is himself a necromancer, as he is in the old German popular story.

It seems probable that puppet-show theatres, which, in the time of Marlowe and of Shakespeare played all sorts of pieces, imitated or parodied from the popular dramas of the day, may have produced a puppet-show *Faustus*. This puppet-show *Faustus* would have crossed the Channel, visited the Low Countries, and settled in Germany. The drama of the Germanised *Faustus*, after being improvised with all sorts of variations in the details during three centuries, yet remained essentially the same until Göthe saw it at Strasburg, and took from it the subject and form of his *Faust*, which, in the original edition, had neither introduction nor prologue.

Hone, in his *Ancient Mysteries*, endeavours to show that *Tirso de Molina's El Burlador de Sevilla*, the original of the Italian play, *Il Convito di Pietra*, from which Molière took the subject of *Don Juan*, was suggested by the well-known puppet-show drama of *Punch*; but both *Don Juan* and *Faust* are much older than *Punch*, which seems, moreover, to be directly descended from one of the "mysteries," in which the Old Vice and Master Devil played the principal parts. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson often refer to the Old Vice, or Old Iniquity, and the Devil, or Master Devil—his natural and eternal enemy, though for a time, and to gain his own purpose, it may suit him to assume the character of a friend. The Old Vice, *Punch*, *Faust*, and *Don Juan* are all brothers, and all lead much the same life and come to the same end. *Don Juan*, while leading his life of unrestrained sensuality, has, unlike *Faust*,

had no previous intellectual existence; but, according to the fine idea of Hoffmann, he is, throughout his life, abusing high intellectual gifts. Punch, too, like Faust and like Don Juan, gives himself up to sensual enjoyments. He does not make any compact with the evil spirit; but, as we were saying in the case of Don Juan, there is really no necessity for a reprobate to sell himself formally to the devil. The devil will come, like any creditor, when he wants his bill settled. Don Juan and Punch had a running account with him, which might be added up and sent in for payment at any time. Faust had given him a promissory note, of which the day of presentation had been duly fixed.

If Hone thinks *Don Juan* was originally suggested by *Punch*, Mr. Payne Collier maintains, with greater show of reason, if not with more truth, that *Punch* is a popular burlesque imitation of *Don Juan*. But if *Punch* had been imitated from *Don Juan*, surely the Statue of the Commander would not have been left out; if suggested by *Faust*, the compact with Satan would not have been omitted. The missing figure in the one case, the missing incident in the other, were far too picturesque to be passed over. There can be little doubt but that "Punch" comes from *The Old Vice and Master Devil*, more especially from that version of the Vice and the Devil given in Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*. But it is evident, if only from the various contradictory and mutually supporting theories on the subject of their relationship, that Punch, Don Juan, and Faust, are all of the same family. Perhaps Theophilus, of Syracuse, was their common ancestor.

OTTO BEARD.

—
BRIEF BRIEFS.

V.

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Mr. J. S. Dwight of Boston, in his excellent *Journal of Music* (June 24, 1865), says, with reference to a subject in which I know you take a deep interest:—"In spite of frequent notices of Dr. Carl Mendelssohn being engaged in writing a biography of his father, the composer, that desirable consummation seems to be as far off as ever. The short but interesting *Life* by Lampadius, recently published here by Leyboldt, is still the best, the only life of real value."

In a letter to the *Transcript*, written from Cologne, by the Rev. W. L. Gage, translator of this same *Life* by Lampadius, I find the following:—

"Prof. Mendelssohn has been very hospitable, and at his house I have had the pleasure of meeting much of the best society of Bonn. Prince Alfred of England, the second son of Victoria, is studying here, and is often met—a fine, genial, and accessible young man, not ashamed to snuff a candle with his fingers if no better instrument is at hand. Mrs. Klingemann, the widow of Mendelssohn's dear friend Carl Klingemann, formerly of London, often referred to in the *'Letters'*, and the author of the words which accompany many of Mendelssohn's songs, also lives here, a thoroughly excellent, cultivated, and gentle lady. Her husband died two years ago. She has in her possession many of Mendelssohn's letters, and both she and Prof. M. assure me that they consider the critical severity of the ordeal which the printed letters underwent at the hands of the brother Paul, before they were allowed to be inserted, was reprehensibly great. All traces of the delightful family relations were omitted, and, as Prof. Mendelssohn rightly said, instead of knowing that his cousin Felix was most happy with his wife and children, the reader would hardly know that he had a wife. With the exception of the brief life written by Lampadius and recently published by Mr. Leyboldt of Philadelphia, there exists no biography of Mendelssohn, nor is there any in preparation or contemplation; in fact, the biography is wanting. The son (who is *priuat decent* in Heidelberg) is not musical, neither is his cousin, Prof. M. of Bonn. Mrs. Klingemann does not feel herself equal to the task. Her husband, who could so well have executed it, is dead. Ferdinand Hiller is too much engaged; the brother (Paul Mendelssohn of Berlin) is absorbed in his banking business. Besides these one knows not where to look to find one who thoroughly knew the great composer and yet has the ability and the leisure to execute the task. Meantime a good life is much wanted; and Messrs. Smith & Elder of London wish me to keep

the subject before his friends in order that the English at least might enjoy a view taken from an external point, objective, instead of subjective, of this most interesting and remarkable man."

With respect to Dr. Carl Mendelssohn of Frankfort, nevertheless, I happen to know that he was engaged as far back as 1863 in collecting materials for a life of his illustrious father. How far he has proceeded I am unable to say. But if no man in Germany can be found with sufficient love for Mendelssohn and his music to do for Mendelssohn what has been done for Schubert, Schumann, and C. M. von Weber (leave out of the question Mozart and Beethoven), surely in England such a man could be found. If Sterndale Bennett is (like Hiller) too much engaged, there is Mr. Crystal Palace Grove, Schumannite though he be. But so long as the author of *Conti* don't undertake it, I should be satisfied with a lesser pen than Bennett or Grove. I dare scarcely hope that the amiable and enlightened Jules Benedict would consent to work with the son of Mendelssohn as he has lately worked with the son of Weber. That would be the thing. Perhaps if his eye falls upon these lines he may think of it.

T. DUFF SHORT.

—
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, first time since 1863. Cast—Amalia, Madame Harringers-Wippern; Oscar, Mdlle. Sarolta; Ulrica, Madame Trebelli; Riccardo, Signor Carrion; Renato, Mr. Santley. A great success for Madame Wippern, Madame Trebelli, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Santley's singing of the air, "Eri tu" the "hit" of the evening. Mdlle. Sarolta made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre. Her admirers were in strong force, encored the page's song in the last act, given with singular animation, and complimented their favorite with a shower of bouquets.

On Monday, *Il Flauto Magico*, for the fourth time, with Miss Laura Harris as the Queen of Night. The young lady's success was undeniable. She was encored in both her airs, and warmly applauded by the whole house, including the band. Signor Gardoni, substituted for Dr. Gunz at the third performance, sang the music of Tamino with true Italian warmth and style, and Signor Marcello Junca, who appeared as Sarastro in room of Herr Wolrath, called away to Fatherland, gave additional significance to the music of the High Priest.

On Tuesday, *Semiramide* was reproduced to make amends for the non-production of Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, postponed *sine die*. Rossini's orientally-superb and magnificently-gorgeous opera—the very type of barbaric exuberance and glittering splendour—was on the whole well, if not transcendently, performed. Signor Agnesi gave the music of Assur with fluency, and showed histrionic talent. Mdlle. Titiens had an immense success as the Babylonian Queen, and Madame Trebelli gave the music of Arsace to perfection. Signor Stagno sang the part of Idreno extremely well, and will sing it better with a little more confidence. The band and chorus were hardly to be surpassed, and Signor Ardit was more zealous and pains-taking than ever. Rossini, had he heard the performance, would have embraced Ardit forthwith. The overture and the ensemble movement "Giorno d'orrore," of the great duet "Ebben, a te ferisci," were encored. At the fall of the curtain Mdlle. Titiens and Madame Trebelli were recalled, and the stage was covered with bouquets.

On Thursday, *Semiramide* repeated.

Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* is underlined, with the following cast:—The Countess—Mdlle. Titiens; Susanna—Mdlle. Sarolta; Cherubino—Madame Trebelli; Count Almaviva—Mr. Santley; Figaro—Signor Agnesi; Basilio—Signor Stagno, not, Signor Bossi, as announced in the bills; and Doctor Bartolo—Signor Bossi, not Signor Stagno, as announced in the bills.

MDLLE. NELLI SZERDAHELYI, the singer, died at Pesth, on the 2nd of June, in the 40th year of her age.—SIMCOCK HOUSE.—(Mr. House should have sent his communication to the Editor of *Muttoniana*; the rather so, inasmuch as that, if we are not mistaken, he is a qualified Muttonian.)

M. BAGIER, director of the Italian Opera in Paris, is in London.

M. LOUIS BRANDUS has arrived in London to assist at the first representations of the *Africaine*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *Don Pasquale*, for the second time this year.
 On Monday, *L'Elisir d'amore*.
 On Tuesday, *Don Pasquale*.
 On Thursday, the *Barbiere*.

To-night, Meyerbeer's *Africaine* for the first time, with the following cast:—Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, *Selika*; Mdlle. Fioretti, *Inez*; Mdlle. Anese, *Anna*; Herr Wachtel, *Vasco di Gama*; Signor Graziani, *Nelusco*; Herr Schmid, *Il Grande Inquisitore*; Signor Attri, *Don Pedro*; Signor Tagliavico, *High Priest of Bralmia*; Signor Lucchesi, *Don Alvar*; &c., &c.

SIGNOR ARDITI is engaged by M. Bagier as conductor of the Italian Opera at Paris for next season.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Mr. Charles Salaman has resigned the secretaryship of the above society, which he has held, since the establishment of the institution, with such credit to himself and such advantage to the members. As the post is no longer to be honorary, there are several candidates.

THE ITALIAN OPERA OF MOSCOW has yielded up its last sigh. The death warrant was signed by Count Adlerberg, acting upon instructions from the Czar. It appears that the last season left a deficit of 220,000 rubles. Henceforth Moscow will have to fall back on the National Opera.

MR. DESMOND RYAN'S CONCERT.—In our notice last week we accidentally omitted to mention that Mrs. Talfourd and Signor Ciabatta sang the duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, "Quanto amore," and that they were warmly and deservedly applauded.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.—At the concert on Tuesday last the quartets were, Haydn's in G, No. 81, and Beethoven's in A, both for strings, executants, Messrs. Goffrie, Amor, R. Blagrove and Paque. The quartets were played with great steadiness and much applauded. The other instrumental performances were Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, for piano and violin, by Mr. Walter Bache and Herr Goffrie, and *Andante* and *Polonaise* of Chopin by Mr. Walter Bache, who is an excellent pianist and played admirably in both pieces. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Rose Hersee, and Mdlle. Giffham, who appeared for Mdlle. Elvira Behrens, indisposed, and Mr. Frank d'Alquen. The most interesting feature of the vocal programme was the air from the *Africaine*, "Fille des Rois," which was well given by Mr. d'Alquen and greatly admired. The last concert of the series will take place on Tuesday.

MISS ROSE HERSEE IN OPERA.—(From a Greenwich correspondent.)—The announcement that this young lady was about to make her débüt in the character of Lucia attracted a numerous audience on Monday to the new theatre at Greenwich, which has recently been opened for English Opera, by Mr. James Leslie. Edgardo (Mr. G. Perren), Enrico (Mr. J. G. Patey), and Raimondo (Mr. Theodore Distin), was excellent, and the youthful *débutante* was highly successful. It was evident, however, that extreme nervousness prevented her from doing justice to her vocal powers, and it was not until her second appearance, on Wednesday last, that her histrionic and vocal capabilities were shewn to full advantage. On this occasion Miss Hersee had entirely got rid of her timidity, and her progress through the opera was a succession of vocal triumphs,—the clearness and flexibility of her voice, and its sympathetic *timbre* being especially manifested in the famous "mad scene," in which she introduced a long and difficult double cadence (with flute *obbligato*), which brought down the most enthusiastic plaudits, and a third recall. In the opening scene, and in the well-known sextet, "Chi mi frena," Miss Hersee displayed an amount of vocal power beyond all anticipation, and we must especially notice her clear enunciation of the words. Her appearance is highly prepossessing. Possessed of youth, intelligence, and a voice of charming quality, Miss Hersee may fairly hope to become a distinguished ornament of the operatic stage. She must not, however, rest content with her recent success; but must devote her days and nights to the study of her art.

BRIGHTON.—The Brighton Glee and Madrigal Union gave their first "complimentary concert" at the Windsor Rooms recently, and were well supported, as indeed they deserved to be, from the very admirable manner in which they executed the various pieces in the programme, several of which they were obliged to repeat at the unanimous command of the audience. The principal executants were Messrs. Peters, Boothby, W. and J. Cramp, Braby and Gunnell. Between the first and second parts Mr. Gunnell amused the audience with a comic song, which he sang with considerable humour.

THE ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT of Madame Sainton-Dolby and M. Sainton is invariably one of the most attractive of the season, and that given this year at the St. James's Hall, on the 16th of May by the accomplished pair, was certainly as agreeable as any which had gone before it. With M. and Madame Sainton were associated Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Miss Marian Moss, Herr Wachtel, Messrs. Willye Cooper, W. H. Cummings, W. H. Weiss, and J. G. Patey, as singers; and Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Paque as instrumentalists. Perhaps the most interesting feature of a selection replete with interest was the introduction by Madame Sainton of "The Cradle Song" from Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, a work, like other sacred performances by the composer, but too little known in this country. "This is one specimen of a composer," writes the analytic programme which was provided at the concert, "who has left the world three oratorios, several masses, ten or twelve sacred cantatas, a number of psalms, and six motets, of which only one work, *The Passione, according to the text of St. Matthew* (commonly called *Grosse Passions Musik*), has been heard in public in England." There is no gainsaying this, but let us hope that Sebastian Bach's day will yet come with other arrivals, and in the meantime let us heartily thank Madame Sainton for introducing at her concert so profoundly devotional, touching and melodious an air as "The Cradle Song," which she sang with a mastery of voice and expression not to be surpassed. Madame Sainton's other solos were a new song, by Herr Blumenthal, called "The Children's Kingdom," two ballads by Claribel, "I cannot sing the old song" and "Sweet Kilkenny Town," and the recitative and air of the Child in *Naaman*, "Weep not, dear mother." Madame Sainton sang them all in her happiest manner and pleased universally in all. In addition, Madame Sainton joined Miss Marian Moss, Messrs. Cummings and Weiss in the quartet "Honor and glory," from *Naaman*. The *piece de resistance* of the instrumental selection was Beethoven's sonata for piano-forte and violin, in C minor, which was magnificently executed by Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton, and rapturously applauded by the entire audience. M. Sainton played for his solos David's *Andante* and *Scherzo Capriccioso*, and his own fantasia on *Faust*, both loudly applauded. Madame Goddard's solo was Mr. Lindsay Sloper's brilliant and effective fantasia on *Mirella*, which serves as much as any bravura piece the accomplished "lady of the keys" performs to show off the marvels of her execution. We can hardly compliment the audience on selecting *Marchner's* *lied*, "O Sonnenschein, O Sonnenschein," sung by Herr Wachtel, and "The Shadow Song" from *Disorah*, sung by Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, for special encores. For our own part, not to speak of Madame Sainton's songs, we greatly preferred Gounod's "Valse Ariette," by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, which, by comparison, deserved to be encored twice. The other performances, which were numerous, and in many respects admirable, we are not called upon to specify. Enough that the concert was a brilliant success, and that every thing passed off most satisfactorily.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The second concert of what the authorities are pleased to call the "Easter Term" came off on Saturday afternoon at the rooms of the Institution, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. The contributions from the pupils were not important. Mr. Arthur Fox supplied a MS. song, "The soldier's adieu," a duet, "The breeze," and a Concerted Scene, founded on the "Fortune-telling" scene in the *Mountain Sylph*. Mr. C. King Hall furnished two songs, both in manuscript, "The dreamy land of flowers" and "Morning's garland." The song, "The soldier's adieu," was greatly admired and was well sung by Mr. W. Hamilton. The duet, "The breeze," was thought even better than the song, so that Mr. Arthur Fox has to be complimented on his new vocal essay. The duet was sung by Misses Mathilde Bauetmeister and Helen Brougham. The introduction to the *Flauto Magico* was given with Mr. Wallace Wells as Tanino and Misses Ellen Brougham, Emma Buer and Sarah Chadwick as the Attendants on the Queen of Night; and the quintet, "Dove ohime," from the same opera, was sung by Misses Josephine Williams, Kate Tylee and Adelheid Kinkel, Messrs. Wallace Wells and W. Hamilton. Neither of these performances was as satisfactory as it might have been. The most genuine applause at the concert was bestowed on Miss Adelheid Kinkel for a very brilliant performance of two movements of Beethoven's piano-forte concerto in C minor. Mr. M. H. Ball also distinguished himself as a pianist in the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in E flat. At the conclusion of the concert the Prize Medals were distributed by Her Grace the Duchess of Cleveland, one of the noblest and staunchest of the patrons of the Institution, to the following pupils:—Miss Adelheid Kinkel—silver medal; Miss Emma Buer—bronze medal; Mr. W. C. Dewberry—silver medal; Mr. Arthur Fox—bronze medal. Mr. Lucas made an excellent speech, and Mr. Bernard, on behalf of the Duchess of Cleveland, complimented the prize-gainers.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN VICTORIA.

(From the *Australian Masonic News*, April 1, 1865).

The practice and cultivation of the "divine art" is daily making progress amongst us; music is taught in our schools and cultivated in our families; and we possess musical societies second to none but those of the largest capitals of Europe; but, as at present there is no journal which devotes any space to a systematic chronicling of musical events, we propose to devote a portion of our issue to describe our existing musical institutions, to give biographical and critical notices of our principal musicians, and of all operatic and lyrical performances and concerts that may take place during the fortnight's interval of our publication. In thus doing, we conceive we shall at once afford amusement and information to our readers; and, as music forms a prominent feature in all masonic ceremonies, we shall not be departing from our rule that this journal shall, in all its salient points, be exclusively devoted to the interests of the Craft. In our next number we shall commence a series of short sketches of our existing musical societies, beginning with the Melbourne Philharmonic Society. This week we confine ourselves to merely mentioning the musical occurrences of the past fortnight, and of notifying the musical preparations for the approaching Easter.

The principal musical event of the past fortnight has been the appearance of the Lyster Opera troupe at the THEATRE ROYAL. Mr. Barry Sullivan had engaged the company for twelve nights only, but the success has been so great, that the performances have been extended. Crowded houses have rewarded Mr. Sullivan's speculation; from orchestra to gallery there has hardly been standing room. While we thus congratulate the manager on the success, in one point of view, of the material part of his undertaking, we wish we could record the fact of the operas given having been satisfactorily rendered. With few exceptions, and those only in portions of the works *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Ernani* and *Faust*, the performances have not only been mediocre, but reprehensible. It is true there have been more than the average amount of accidents. Madame Escott has several times been indisposed; Mr. Squires has been hoarse; and Madame Durand, called upon suddenly to fill parts (she could not have rehearsed), has, more than once, been placed in a position painful to herself and unsatisfactory to her hearers. The chorus has been meagre and out of tune; the orchestra has not been enlarged: the strings are painfully weak, the brass overpoweringly strong. In answer to many complaints, Mr. Lyster has stated that he is not the manager of these performances. The blame must, therefore, rest on some one who should have been more liberal in the engagement of extra chorus and orchestra, so that the mistakes would not have occurred, and the large audiences which have nightly thronged the theatre would have had less cause for complaint than is now the case. Of the actors, Madame Escott and Mr. Wharton have borne the palm. The acting and lyrical power of the former, in spite of indisposition, has on several occasions been finely displayed; and Mr. Wharton, during his absence from us, has greatly improved in voice and acting. Gounod's *Faust* has been given twice, and the *Huguenots* up to the present time once. Of the performance of Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* but little in its praise can be said. The weakness of the band gave no effect to Mr. Siede's most clever scoring, and the conductor indulged in his usual extraordinary departures from the composer's time in many places. As usual, Madame Escott greatly distinguished herself, and Mr. Squires sang his best, as did Mr. Wharton, whose St. Bris is one of his very best inspirations. Of the other singers of the chorus, and costume, it is best to be silent. Such is the present state of the opera amongst us, and, while it is disagreeable to be obliged to blame instead of praise, we must speak as we think, remembering that past triumphs are no excuse for present failures.

During the week past, no concerts of any importance have taken place. Another set (all real "Simon Pure") of Christy Minstrels have appeared at the Haymarket, with the usual amount of bones, antics, tolerable part singing, and a fair amount of public favour.

In Passion week we are promised a more than ordinary amount of classical music. The first subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society will be given on the 11th proximo, in the Exhibition Building, when Mozart's Requiem, preceded by the "Dead March in Saul," and Mendelssohn's "Lyrics" to Racine's *Athalie* will be performed for the first time in Australia. The first part of this concert is in memory of the late most lamented hon. secretary, Mr. W. G. Dredge, to whose exertions in founding and building up this our greatest musical institution it will shortly be our duty to refer. The "Lyrics" will be found most beautiful, but we shall give a full description in our report of the concert.

On Thursday, the 18th April, the *Messiah* will be performed by the Prahran and South Yarra Musical Society in the Town Hall, under the direction of Mr. Horsley, and on Good Friday the Orpheus Union give a concert of sacred music in St. George's Hall, conducted by Mr.

Pringle. On the 6th April Mr. Horsley announced a concert at Brighton, with the assistance of Miss Liddle, Signor Costell, and Herr Schott.

[The above, no doubt will interest many of our readers; but we should like to know what the writer means by "Mr. Siede's most clever scoring" of the *Huguenots*?—what about "St. Bris being one of Mr. Wharton's very best inspirations?"—and what "Of the other singers of the chorus it is best to be silent?"—D. PETERS.]

TELBIN'S "DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE."

SCENE 1ST.—*Egypt.*

The front of the stage represents an arched rock or cavern, at the mouth of which a portion of overhanging wood, composed of palm, banana, and other eastern plants, form an arch, through which is seen a glimpse of the Nile. A dark monumental sort of temple on the left in front is dedicated to the Queen of Night, which temple in the course of the scene disappears, at the same time the stage is enveloped in clouds, in the midst of which, surrounded by a luminous light, appears her sable majesty, who descends on a crescent moon.

SCENE 2ND.—*Thibetan Temple.*

In the centre an Egyptian temple. Front of the scene three smaller temples with palm-trees, sphinxes, &c.

ACT II. SCENE 1ST.

A porch of a temple, night. An attempt has been made to give a notion of the elaborate character of the decorations, carved hieroglyphics, and also of the massive grandeur for which these temples are so distinguished.

SCENE 2ND.

A moonlight garden on the banks of the Nile. The temple on the right is the most prominent object and is splendidly illuminated; the Nile being supposed to be at its highest. When that is the case, there is great rejoicing, and displays with torches, fireworks, &c. Mr. Telbin was an eye-witness of one of these ceremonial exhibitions, and is of opinion that the custom descended from the ancient Egyptians. Other temples and colonnades are seen in the distance, rising out of the waters. The moon is reflected on the opposite side of the river, and an attempt has been made to give an idea of the intense brilliancy of the moonlight in the East. This scene is shut in by a front garden, with a temple in the background seen through overhanging foliage, with the banana, palm, and oleander trees. After this comes the scene, or rather the three scenes, in which the hero and the heroine go through the ordeal of fire and water. The first represents, or is meant to represent, a region of rocks in a state of fusion. In the centre is a large excavation, or oven-shaped cavern, the floor of which is all in a flame. Through this, the lovers are supposed to wade. At the sound of the magic flute the fire is changed to water. A cataract tumbles from the heights, which, being supposed to fill the gorge into which it falls, the lovers seem to be covered by the rising flood. At the sound of the flute, the waters subside, and the trial being accomplished, the cataract and the rocks disappear, and discover a temple, at the porch of which the lovers are welcomed by the three Genii.

In the last scene, or tableau, a figure of Isis is seen to float on the upper surface of a large globe. An idea of the planet Saturn with its belt has been attempted, for, as the scene in this instance was supposed to be of an allegorical and ethereal character, it was thought that such a representation of this celestial body, as the priests might be supposed to have given, would not have been an inappropriate object to introduce into the background. The front part of the scene is made up of large golden columns surrounded by Egyptian statues, holding golden wreaths, and interspersed with masses of lotus flowers of the same material.

Pan's Organ.

The "Organ for the mouth" was made by Pan

The sylvan god, and all its pipes were reeds:

Thus first the organ's minstrelsy began

Near Ladon's river in Arcadia's meads.

Like all the heathen gods—Pan's loving deeds,

Seldom afforded instances to man,

Approved by our religion's modern creeds:

He courted Syrinx; Syrinx from him ran.

Although she fled as fleetly as the wind,

Yet he with wind-outspeeding power, caught her;

While clasping her, she shrank and left behind

Reeds in a cluster, springing from the water!

Pan sighed; the reeds replied:—he then combin'd

All that remain'd of Syrinx, Ladon's daughter.

MUSIC IN BRUNSWICK.

An important event in the musical annals of this old town was the Festival held here on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of June. The object to be achieved was: with one decisive blow to bear down all opposition and secure permanently for the Concertverein, or Concert Union, the confidence of the inhabitants. Years of hazy manoeuvring elapsed before several gentlemen of high reputation, who, as ardent admirers of music, took a great interest in the art, banded together for the purpose of ensuring the public in winter a good season, i.e., a series of good concerts. For two winters they succeeded, and the gratifying result encouraged the Concert Union to enter upon the arduous undertaking of the Festival. There is no doubt that, besides subjecting themselves to hard work and anxiety, the gentlemen concerned must have made large pecuniary sacrifices, but their efforts have been crowned with such success that they will find their reward in the consciousness of what they have achieved. Of course there was a host of difficulties in the way. The majority of the Ducal *Copelle* were disinclined to co-operate. The entire orchestra from the Theatre Royal, Hanover, was engaged to supply their place, but the members stipulated that their own *Capellmeister*, Herr Fischer, should conduct the grand orchestral works. Now, as there was already an idea of engaging Herr Herbeck, and as Herr Abt could not be passed over, the enterprise assumed larger proportions than were at first intended. The orchestra consisted of one hundred and three persons, including, besides the entire orchestra from Hanover, several members of the Detmold, and several of the Brunswick orchestra. Three conductors, Abt, Fischer, and Herbeck, were engaged, while 40 singers, male and female, from Brunswick, Hildesheim, Wolfenbüttel, and Quedlinburg, formed the chorus. Arrangements were, also, made for an admirable vocal quartet, to which Vienna contributed three members: Madame Dustmann-Meyer, Madlle. Bettelheim, and Herr Walter. Herr Hill, basso, from Frankfort, a gentleman favorably remembered here as a concert-singer, completed the quartet. Herr Herbeck, to whom was entrusted the task of conducting Handel's *Samson*, came a fortnight before the Festival, for the purpose of drilling the choruses. For this performance, too, Herr Deppe, of Hamburgh, was retained as pianist, and Herr Emil Weiss, of Göttingen, as organist. The former was, unfortunately, prevented by illness from attending, and a young Brunswick, Herr Bercht, filled his place as well as he could.

Samson was performed according to the new and complete edition prepared for the London Handel Society by Dr. Chrysander, who, by the bye, was here. The organ and piano, the latter a substitute for Handel's *clavichembalo*, were restored to their rights, and the delivery of the recitative was accompanied by the piano alone.

The entire performance was excellent, and produced a deep impression. It is true that Herr Herbeck took the *tempo* too quickly now and then, but, on the whole, his conducting must be highly praised. Numerous separate passages were warmly applauded. Madlle. Bettelheim sang the wonderful contralto part of Micha, her fine, full organ reposing grandly upon the broad Handelian notes. It was on the first day that she achieved her greatest triumphs. Madame Dustmann, too, immediately enlisted the sympathies of her audience by the pleasing character of her soprano and its high state of cultivation, but, in her case, the approbation of the public rose gradually, when she had to sing things more animated dramatically, and especially at the last, when she gave some songs. The same holds good of Herr Walter, who, also, immediately created a favorable impression, which he continued to improve. On the first day, before *Samson*, the "Sanctus," from Bach's B flat minor Mass, for chorus, orchestra, and organ, was performed under Abt's direction. This was, probably, selected to open the Festival with a concerted piece and a local conductor.

On the second day, Herr Fischer appeared as conductor of the *Leone* overture in C, and afterwards of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Among the artists as well as among the audience there reigned only one feeling, that of admiration at his conducting. The Ninth Symphony was given very beautifully, but Fischer's conducting, aforesaid, which is so vigorous while, at the same time, inspired by the most artistic spirit, was displayed to the best advantage in the *Leone* overture, and the overture to *Der Freischütz*, which commenced the third day.

On the second, and on the third day, the solo-singers gave some detached pieces. Herren Walter and Hill, with Mad. Dustmann, executed scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. In addition to this, Mad. Dustmann sang the grand air from *Jessonda*, Mendelssohn's "Frühlingalei," and Schubert's "Heideröslein," the last *da capo*, amid tremendous applause and flinging of flowers. Madlle. Bettelheim sang an air by Rossini, the air from *Il Barbiere*, and two songs by Schubert and Schumann; she figured, also, as pianist in two pieces which were very favorably received. Herr Walter sang an air from *Die*

Zauberflöte, and songs by Schubert and Schumann, to which he added one by Abt. Herr Hill gave the air from *Elijah*, "Es ist genug" etc., together with two songs by Schumann and Schubert, to which he, too, was under the necessity of appending a third. On the second day, there was, also, a grand cantata: "Hymne an die Gottheit" by Herr Mewes, a *Kammermusicus* of this town, and a first-rate theorist. It met with a favorable reception, which, local enthusiasm worked up into a tumultuous ovation. The proceedings on the last day were brought to a conclusion by the grand chorus from Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*, under Abt's direction. On the same day, Herr Herbeck had previously conducted the overture to *Anacreon*, and made an especial and brilliant hit with Schubert's: "Litanei zum Feste Allerseelen," which he had arranged and got up admirably. All three conductors, as well as the solo singers, were, even upon the second day, tumultuously applauded, and repeatedly honored with flowers and nosegays every time they appeared. The public feeling was generally very enthusiastic. The edifice in which the grand rehearsals and the concerts took place was the Egydien Kirche, a fine building long exclusively reserved for grand musical festivals and similar entertainments. The managers of the Concert Union procured an organ expressly for the occasion. It was built by Herr Euler, of Gottsbüren, near Cassel, and, though of only moderate size, gives a full tone, which, however, is sometimes rather harsh. The pipes are of oak, very strongly made, so as to stand a powerful body of air.

GASPERINI ON *TRISTAN UND ISOLDE*.

MUNICH, 11th June.

Sir,—After numberless postponements, the first performance of *Tristan und Isolde* took place yesterday evening, Saturday. People no longer believed in it. The German papers, most of which evince but little sympathy with Wagner, had spread reports that fresh obstacles had arisen since the last general rehearsal; that the young King himself, the avowed patron of the author, had given the matter up as a bad job; and that, most decidedly, this "unperformable" opera was indefinitely adjourned.

These rumours had been complacently re-echoed everywhere; Wagner's friends had at last doubted, and I am not quite certain that the composer himself had not yielded to the universal scepticism. However, the unactable opera has been produced.

The house was filled at an early hour. People expected exhibitions of violence, hissing and an awful hubbub; the Germans, who do not often have the chance of such treats, hurried to the theatre, so as to lose nothing of the festive proceedings in store for them. They invaded every available place, and those who could not obtain anything in the shape of a seat, did not hesitate paying very dearly for the privilege of standing, packed together like herrings, along the sides of the orchestra, and of the pit, not to speak of the recesses of the corridors. I have often seen the theatre during the three weeks I have been obliged to spend here, while awaiting the long promised performance, but I never expected to behold such eagerness, and such widespread animation; I should never have fancied that worthy individuals apparently so pacific could have become so excited, and await in feverish agitation the first bar of a score.

At a few minutes after six, the young King entered his box; at the same moment, Herr von Bülow took possession of the conductor's seat. The King had scarcely reached the front of his box, before the applause burst forth from all parts of the house—enthusiastic and passionate applause. . . . After bowing several times to the audience, the King sat down, and the overture began.

I do not mean, in this place, to enter into a profound study of *Tristan und Isolde*, and of Wagner's new style; still less is it my intention to give an account of the theories of which this last work of the composer's is the confirmation.

My opinion of the work in its entirety is as follows: on many points, the theoretician is wrong, and the path he has opened up is thickly strewn with dangers; on the other hand, the artist has risen, in various instances, to a height he never previously attained, and his errors are those of a man of genius. More than in his other works, he has rejected tradition, consecrated formulas, and the usages which obtain on the stage; more than ever, he has sacrificed tonality, the rhythm and melodic form which our ears require, and which our instincts expect. Side by side with deliberate examples of obscurity, and of inextricable complications, you see a striking, sovereign, thought suddenly arise before you, seize hold of you, subjugate you, and carry you away to the greatest heights ever haunted by the human soul.

The "endless" melody, as it is called, annoys, irritates, and exhausts you; suddenly there is a flash of lightning, and indescribable beauties start from out the darkness. The introduction, of which I spoke a short time since, is one of the finest pages of the work. It is a song of love; now moderate and discreet; now violent and unbridled; the

* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

[July 22, 1865.]

whole idea of the musical drama is contained in it. *Tristan* is a long love-story, full of anxiety, fever, and dazzling effects. Subject to the dominion of certain preconceived philosophical notions, of which I endeavored to give you an idea in a former letter, the author has flung over this amorous hymn the expression of an incurable sorrow: it is night that the two lovers call to them; it is death that they go to enjoy, closely united, eternal peace in the darkness of the grave. Hence, a certain tinge of uniformity, an inevitable monotony; hence, also, at times, examples of exquisite languor and incomparable beauty.

At the conclusion of the first two acts, the audience applauded, but not very enthusiastically, I confess. The young King, who was sitting alone in his box, did not lose a single note of the work. After each act, he withdrew without manifesting in any way the impression produced on him, as if to leave the audience perfectly free to make what demonstrations they pleased. It was only at the end of the opera that, rising from his seat, and leaning over the front of his box, he applauded several times. The most lukewarm then decided on the course they would take. They followed the example set by the sovereign, and four rounds of applause, beneath which certain timid protestations were lost, proclaimed the master's victory.

Is it a definite success? Not in my opinion. I have heard people talk of three representations only, and I do not think that the work will be got up anywhere else for a long time to come. In all Germany only two artists could be found to run the risk of it, and though they got gloriously through their formidable task, they are not likely to have many imitators.

To perform such a work, it required the persevering will of the master, and the devoted courage of the great artist, Herr von Bülow, who conducted; but, above all, it needed the brilliant patronage of Ludwig II. These are elements we rarely find combined in the history of art.

A. DE GASPERINI.

LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The last afternoon concert of glees, madrigals and old English ditties, given by the celebrated "Union," came off at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, on Tuesday the 27th ult., under the direction of Mr. C. Land. The selection comprised the madrigals, "All creatures now are merry-minded" (Bennett), "Let me, careless" (Thomas Linley), "We happy shepherd swains" (Netherclift), "Who that wins my lady fair" (R. L. Pearsall); glees, "Come forth, sweet spirit" (Bishop), "Blest pair of sirens" (Stafford Smith), "By Celia's arbour" (W. Horsley), "Hence, all ye vain delights" (Webbe), "Go, rose" (W. Beale), and "Upon the poplar bough" (S. Paxton). The glees and madrigals were all sung to perfection, and there was not a flaw in the singing. In addition to the performances by the "Union," there were solos and two trios. The former were Purcell's cantata, "Mad Ben," sung by Miss Eyles, and a lullaby of the 17th century, "Golden slumbers," by Miss J. Wells; the trio, Shield's "Loadstars," given by Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, and Mr. Winne, and the three men's song, "Strike it up, neighbour," sung by Messrs. Baxter, Coates and Winne. A more engaging programme had not been provided by the "Union" on any former occasion, and the audience were quite absorbed in the performances and applauded liberally, several of the pieces being encored. Mr. Lindsay Sloper gave variety to the concert by an admirable performance of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith."

MOLLE PAULE GAYARD.—The fair pianist for whom Rossini has shown such an interest—gave a concert on Thursday, 29th ult., at the Dudley-gallery, Egyptian-hall. She was assisted by Signors Bettini and Delle-Sedie and Herr Reichardt, as vocalists, and Herr Joachim, as instrumentalist. Mdlle. Gayard played Beethoven's "Sonata Patetica;" Liszt's solo on Rossini's "Tarantella;" with Mr. Osborne, his new duo on the *Africaine*; with Herr Joachim, Mozart's sonata in G major, for pianoforte and violin, and Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata. All pieces, solo and concerted, were most favorably received, and the success of the fair pianist was undeniable. Mdlle. Gayard is not only an executant of great merit, but her playing is full of intelligence. She has evidently made the great masters her study, without, however, neglecting the bravura writers. Liszt's "Tarantella" piece is of the greatest difficulty, but Mdlle. Gayard made it appear extremely easy by the suavity and freedom of her mechanism. In the duo-sonatas Herr Joachim found himself associated with one who could thoroughly feel and understand the beauties of the composer to whose thoughts she was giving expression. Madame Trebelli sang "Di Tanti Palpiti," and with Signor Bettini, Rossini's duet, "Mira la blanca luna"; while Signor Bettini, Herr Reichardt, and Signor Delle-Sedie each sang a solo. Mr. Benedict and Signor Vera conducted.—L. P.

DUESDEN.—The preparations and arrangements for the first German "Sängerbund" Festival, to be held here from the 22nd to the 25th July, are being carried out on a grand scale. The various committees,

under the general superintendance of Herr Held, have so far advanced in their labors that everything has now assumed a definite shape. It has been decided that the programmes shall stand as follows:—At the reception in the Festival Hall (on the 22nd July), the pieces will be Dr. Julius Paps's "Empfangsalied," set to music by Friedrich Reichel; the "Hymn" composed by the Duke of Coburg-Gotha; and Mozart's "Bundeslied." At the consecration of standards, the next day, the pieces to be performed are Müller von der Warra's "Fahnentalied," set to music by E. Becker; Fraenstein's "Sangerbundeslied," set to music by Methfessel; and Arndt's "Vaterlandslied." The first concert, on the 23rd inst., will be opened with the chorale: "Alleluia Gott in der Hoh sei Ehr," under the direction of Herr Julius Otto. This will be followed by a Prologue; Mendelssohn's "Festgesang an die Künstler;" F. Schneider's "Mag auch die Liebe weinen;" Julius Otto's 24th Psalm; Faisst's "Gesang im Grünem;" Schuppert's "Deutsches Schwert;" J. Abt's "Deutsches Völkergebet;" two German national songs, namely: "Zu Strassburg anf der Schanz" and "Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommel Schall;" Zöllner's "Wo möcht' ich sein;" G. Müller's "Sängergruß;" H. Marschner's "Liedesfreiheit;" and F. Larkner's "Siegesgesang." When the composers themselves do not conduct, Professor Faisst, of Stuttgart, or Herr Krebs, of Dresden, will do so.—The pieces on the second day will be conducted, with a similar reservation, by Herr Herbeck of Vienna, or Herr J. Rietz, of Dresden, and will be: "Hymnus" by Mohr; F. Schubert's "Nacht;" Kretzschmer's "Gleisterschlacht;" Reissiger's "Wanderers Nachtlied;" Fietz's "Auf der Kirchweih bei Schyz;" Tschirch's "Rauschet, ihr Deutschen Eichen;" M. Hauptmann's "Ehre sei Gott;" two national songs—"Mein Herzlein" and "Der Mai ist gekommen;" Van Eyken's "Thürmerlied;" Kreutzer's "Kapelle;" Weber's "Schwertlied;" and J. Rietz's "Te Deum." The solos to be sung by 200 singers will be sung in the first part of the first concert by the "Sängerbunde" of Leipzig (100), Gotha (50), Rudolstadt (50); in the second part, by the "Bünde" of Würzburg and Nuremberg; in the first part of the second concert, by the "Bünde" of Vienna (100), Prague (50), Töplitz (50); and, in the second part, by the "Bünde" of Berlin (100), and Hanover (100). The orchestra will consist of the local military bands and number 210 executants, namely, 5 valve-horns, and piccolos; 35 French horns; 40 trumpets; 36 tenor-horns; 18 trombones; 20 tubas; and 4 pairs of kettle-drums. At the "Kommer," or social-gathering of the vocalists, on the 24th, "Der Jäger Abschied," by Mendelssohn, will be sung, and, at the farewell "Kommer," on the 25th, the "Schleswig-Holstein Hymne," and Otto's "Abschiedslied" from the *Burschenfahrten*. Dr. J. Paps's motto is: "Herz und Lied, frisch, frei, gesund, Wahr dir Gott, der Sängerbund."—Herr C. Krebs has been created a member of the Royal Swedish Academy, in consideration of his great and distinguished labors in the cause of music.—The engagement of Herr von Carolsfeld, in Munich, as announced by various papers, is not yet a matter of certainty. It is probable that the management of the Royal Opera here will think twice before parting with an artist whose place they would have some difficulty in filling up.

TENBY.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The opening of the new Assembly Rooms was inaugurated on Tuesday, the 11th inst., by two concerts, that in the morning consisting of sacred, and that in the evening of secular music. The singers were Miss Armstrong, Miss Leffler, Miss Susan Galton, Signor Garcia and Mr. Swift. Both concerts were attended by the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood, and were perhaps the best ever given in Tenby, the performance at both concerts affording universal satisfaction. Mr. Swift, an especial favorite in Tenby, sang "In native worth" (*The Creation*) in the morning, and in the evening, "Si tu savais," a charming French romance by Balfé, which obtained a loud encore. Miss Susan Galton introduced a new song by Isola, the title being "I'm alone." It is a pleasing composition, and the expression which the youthful singer threw into the words, together with her really good singing, won an unanimous and irresistible encore, the ladies being most demonstrative in their applause. Signor Garcia showed a capital method and excellent *buffo* style in "Lago al Factotum," and was loudly encored, as he was also, with Miss Galton, in the duet from the *Barbiere*, "Dunque io son." Similar compliments were paid to Miss Leffler in "Maggie's secret," and to Mr. Swift in the pathetic air of Nemorino (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), "Una furtiva lagrima." Mr. Walter Bache, the pianist, made a decided impression by his playing—and, no doubt, the Tenby public will be glad to hear him again. Too great praise cannot be given to our townsman Mr. Gregory for his spirit and enterprise in thus refreshing our thirsting souls with that enjoyment than which nothing is purer and more beautiful. Without his pluck we fear that music would be at a low ebb in Tenby. Such was the satisfaction given by the performance, that we hear Mr. Swift is to be commissioned to return with the same party, together with band and chorus, for the purpose of giving a series of Italian and English operas. Their return will be greeted with numerous welcomes.

MADRID.—Signor Petrella, composer of the comic opera, *Tutti in Maschera*, has been appointed Director of the Conservatory.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A public concert, given by the professional students of the above new institution, came off on Saturday afternoon, at St. James's-hall. The pianists were all pupils of Dr. Wynde, principal of the academy; the violinists were fresh from the hands of Herr Molique and Herr Janss; and the singers were dependent for their instructions on Signore Garcia and Schirra. In the instrumental department, Miss Fanny Baker (first prize in pianoforte playing) greatly distinguished herself in Mendelssohn's fantasia in F sharp minor; Miss Kate Roberts (also first prize in pianoforte playing) was no less successful in Weber's rondo in E flat and Mendelssohn's *Morceau Characteristique*; Miss Dove Dolby exhibited decided talent in Benedict's fantasia, "Where the bee sucks"; and Mdlle. Villin in Thalberg's fantasia on *Straniera* found numerous and hearty admirers. All four were recalled and received with distinct tokens of approbation. Miss Wheeler, too, deserves a strong word of commendation for her brilliant and well-measured execution in Chopin's Polonaise in E flat. Miss Wheeler, like the other fair pianists, was summoned back to the platform and warmly congratulated. The vocal performances were not so good as the instrumental; and in fact we could hardly point out any single piece which was entitled to more than moderate eulogy. Miss de Châtelaine has a charming voice, and has real instinct for singing, but was so nervous that her solo, "Sombre Forêt," was spoiled solely through timidity. It is plain that the young singing ladies of the London Academy of Music want some one to supply them with courage as well as to show them how to use the voice. There is plenty of talent among them. All they want is "pluck," to gain which we recommend them to sing frequently in public.—The competition for the scholarships took place in May last, Madame Schumann and Signor Arditi being umpires. Of the pianists, Miss Fanny Baker and Miss Kate Roberts obtained an equal number of marks; of the vocalists, Miss Pratt obtained the highest number.—P. P. P.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.
G. SATTER (Dr. GUSTAV, of Dresden).—Libretto of "Olanthe," Gross romantische Oper in drei Acten, Text und Musik, von Dr. GUSTAV SALTER.

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